

After He Left

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Summary: A short story about how Jack's sister felt after he died.

After He Left

Yeah I have to write what I think happened after Jack's death/rebirth. I can't help it that movie has ruined me almost as bad as How to Train Your Dragon. Based off the song Over You by Miranda Lambert it is just so perfect for this.

She couldn't believe it. Pippa Overland just couldn't believe it. She crawled as close to the hole in the ice as she dared, just knowing her brother would surface again treading water and swimming toward herâ€| toward safety.

But he never surfaced. He didn't break the surface of the water and paddle toward her teeth chattering and cold but alive. Tears started leaking down her cheeks.

"Jack," she called weakly. "***Jack!***" she screamed praying that he would hear her and fight to come back to the surface.

Nothing happened. Pippa felt tears pooling in her eyes. Her big brother was gone. She lost her best friend. She inched over to his ice skates and clutched them close to her sliding carefully back to the bank of the lake. Once she reached solid ground she ran for home screaming and sobbing.

"Pippa! Pippa what is it?" their mother asked running out to her wailing daughter. "Has Jack pranked you again?"

The girl just shook her head the tears coming harder now as she remembered the words she and her brother exchanged.

_Would I trick you? _

Yes! You always play tricks!

Yeah, well not this time.

"Pippa, what is wrong, darling?" Pippa found herself wrapped in her mother's arms and heard her father approaching also.

"J-J-Jack," she managed to sob before breaking down into unintelligible sobs again. By now the Overland's were a bit worried.

"Sweetheart, what's wrong? Is Jack hurt?" their father asked. Pippa nodded and pointed to the lake where she had just come from. It was then their mother noticed the pair of skates dropped in her daughters footprints running backâ€¦ and the ones now on the doorstep.

"Pippa?"

"J-Jack f-f-fell through the ice," she choked out clinging to her mother again. The terrified parents scooped up their daughter and ran to the edge of the lake where and saw the hole in the ice where there had been none earlier.

"No!" Pippa heard her mother shout as her father edged out onto the ice, already freezing back over where her brother fell through.

"Jack!" he called edging closer to the frozen over patch and dropped to his belly, to spread out his weight so he could get even closer.

He peered into the dark cold water, calling for his son. Praying for his son. There was no sign of the young man, not even his silhouette in the murky water. Pippa and her mother cried on the banks as her father shoved his arms in the water reaching for the son he knew was too far out of reach.

"No! No, no, no," he cried edging back to where his wife and daughter stood. He collapsed with them crying for his lost son.

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Pippa didn't leave the lakeside for a long time after her brother's funeral. She would sit there and stare as children skated over the now thick ice, but she never would venture onto it again. She didn't trust the lake that had nearly swallowed her up and taken her brother in her place.

"Come on out, Pip," called their friends. She shook her head. Her best friend skated over to her and made her way off the ice to the sullen girl.

"Pip, what's wrong?" the girl named Diana asked kneeling beside her.

"I won't skate anymore. I can't," she said.

"Jack?" Diana asked.

"Yeah," Pippa said.

"He wouldn't want you to never have fun again. He is probably super mad at you not having any fun now. Remember how when you were really upset he would always try to make you smile. Well maybe his spirit is right now and you refuse to listen to him," Diana said watching as snow fell around the two of them.

"I guess you are rightâ€| but I don't want to skate. Can we do something else?" she asked softly.

"Sure," Diana said smiling at the brown haired girl understanding her fear of the ice. She took her friends hand and the two went off to find something to do.

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Pippa felt so ashamed that she had had fun today without thinking of her brother once after Diana took her out to make snowmen and have a snowball fight with some of the other kids. But now she was thinking about how much fun Jack would have had with them.

"What's wrong, Pippa?" her mother asked as she tucked her in that night.

"I had fun today," she replied sadly.

"And that is bad? You haven't had fun sinceâ€|" she needn't say it. It hurt them both too much.

"I know. I didn't even think of Jack. I forgot him."

"That doesn't mean you forgot him, dearest. It means that you are moving on and that is what he would have wanted. He would have liked knowing that you were having fun. I bet he was there spiritually having fun with you and your friends," she said smiling and brushing back her daughters dark brown hair.

"Do you really think so, Momma?" Pippa asked.

"I do, my dear. Now rest and maybe you can have fun again on the morrow," she said tucking in the girl and kissing her forehead.

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Meanwhile a sly spirit watched as the little brown haired girl fell asleep. He smiled happy he could have helped bring happiness to the girl who seemed so sad.

He had gathered she had lost her brother and that she was upset about having fun without him. Well he had to fix that. So while the two were walking along he framed another group of the village kids and threw a snowball at the girl. Her smile lit up her little face and the snowball battle was on.

He let the wind catch him and carry him back to the pond he had dubbed his home. He perched in a tree and smiled. He felt bad for the girl who lost her brother but hoped that soon she would see the world

still had some fun left in it.

Well there is my tear jerk story for the monthâ€| maybeâ€| or at least the day. Whateverâ€| Enjoy.

End
file.